

# The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

STEPHEN M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1873.

Vol. I. No. 31.

## THE BLOOMFIELD RECORD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Office, Hedden Building, R. R. Avenue.

TERMS: One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, in Advance. Single Copies Five Cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS: For insertion in this paper, apply to the Editor. For insertion in the Record, apply to the Editor. For insertion in the Record, apply to the Editor.

EVERY VARIETY OF JOB PRINTING PROMPTLY AND WELL.

## CHURCH DIRECTORY.

**Bloomfield.**  
Rev. Dr. Steinhilber, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.  
Rev. Dr. Steinhilber, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.  
Rev. Dr. Steinhilber, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.

## SOCIETIES.

**Bloomfield Lodge, No. 10, A. O. U. W. M.**  
Meets in Masonic Hall, Railroad Ave., 1st and 2nd days of each month. J. P. Tolson, M. M. J. A. Prosser, S. W. J. Banks, R. G. W. Chas. B. Nick, Sec'y.

## TOWNSHIP OFFICERS.

Assessor, J. K. Oakes.  
Collector, Ira Campbell.  
Surveys, W. H. Dadd, J. K. Oakes.  
Township Clerk, J. P. Tolson.

## BLOOMFIELD POST OFFICE.

Office open from 6:15 to 10 A. M. to 9 P. M.  
Mails for New York, Northern, Eastern and Western close and arrive as follows:

## MONTCLAIR POST OFFICE.

Office open from 6:15 to 10 A. M. to 9 P. M.  
Mails for New York, Northern, Eastern and Western close and arrive as follows:

## N. B. & M. H. C. R. R.

BLOOMFIELD TIME TABLE, FEB. 1, 1873.  
Leave Bloomfield for New York, every half hour from 6:30 A. M. to 10 P. M.

## NEW YORK MIDLAND RAILWAY.

Summer Arrangement, Taking Effect June 23, 1873.  
MONTCLAIR DIVISION.

## Professional and Business Cards.

**J. B. PITT, M. D.**  
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,  
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.  
Residence on Broad Street three doors above Presbyterian Church.  
Office hours 7 to 9 A. M. and 5 to 7 P. M.

**F. E. BAILEY, M. D.**  
RESIDENCE:  
C. W. JOHNSON'S, FRANKLIN ST.  
Office hours 7 to 9 A. M. and 5 to 7 P. M.

**JAMES HUGHES.**  
SURVEYOR:  
OFFICE, MASONIC HALL, RAILROAD AVENUE,  
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

**THOMAS TAYLOR,**  
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,  
AND  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
Office at his residence on Bloomfield Avenue,  
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

**JOSEPH K. OAKES,**  
SURVEYOR, CONVEYANCER,  
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,  
BLOOMFIELD AVE.,  
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

**PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES**  
TO BE HAD AT  
**DR. WHITE'S FAMILY DRUG STORE.**  
Open on Sundays, 9 to 10 A. M., 12 to 1, and 5 to 6 P. M.

**THEODORE CADMUS,**  
CARPENTER AND BUILDER.  
All kinds of jobs promptly attended to.  
Residence, Thomas street. Shop, State street, near Liberty.  
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

**JOSEPH H. EVELAND,**  
PRACTICAL PAINTER.  
SIGN-WRITING,  
ORNAMENTAL PAINTING,  
GRAINING, GILDING, &c., &c.  
Corner Linden Avenue and Thomas street,  
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.  
All orders promptly executed.

**R. LEWIS,**  
Thirty years a practical Watch and Clock Maker, executes Repairs of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Articles with neatness and dispatch.  
RAILROAD AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD.

**SMITH E. PERRY**  
Real Estate Agent and Auctioneer,  
BROAD STREET, ABOVE BENSON,  
Bloomfield, New Jersey.

**R. D. BROWER,**  
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT.  
WATSESSING DEPOT,  
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.  
Houses and Lots for Sale and Houses to Let.

**JAMES BERRY,**  
WASHINGTON AVE., BLOOMFIELD, N. J.  
Furniture and Pianos MOVED WITH CARE. Also General TRUCKING and other TEAM WORK.  
ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

**JAMES ALBINSON,**  
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,  
MYRTLE STREET,  
Near Watessing Depot, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

**SAMUEL CARL,**  
MERCHANT TAILOR,  
Clothing, constantly on hand  
CLOTHES, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, READY MADE  
CLOTHING & GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.  
BROAD STREET, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

**JOHN JEGE,**  
MERCHANT TAILOR,  
RAILROAD AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.  
Jan. 23-ly

**JOSEPH S. BALDWIN,**  
Broad street, near the Inclined Plane, Bloomfield  
FURNITURE MOVED WITH CARE.  
Also, General Teaming and Farm Work.

## THE BAR-WRANGLING MANNER.

O, say, can you see, through Van Buren's red light,  
What so proudly we hailed for our transport's redemption;  
Whose broad flanks and bright jars, spite Commission-  
streaming;  
Over the counter we watched were so babbled  
streaming;  
And the cocktail's red glare,  
The mint-julep in air,  
Gave proof to the world that our drinks were mixed  
there.  
O, say, has some bar-wrangling manner of knave  
Lost the land of freedom what its credit should save?  
If Mayor's one who has kept up the bore  
Of our luckless department's eternal confusion.  
His home and his country would see him once more,  
And his head-piece adorn with a Mansard con-  
tusion;  
No refuge should be  
His safety, the  
Has perilled the one thing in which great are we:  
For his bar-wrangling manner must tend to deprave  
In the judgment of strangers the drinks of the  
brave.  
But this is it ever when freedom have planned  
A better than sewing-machine exhibition:  
Would they set up a bar, there is some one at hand  
To enslave the same in a common position;  
Yet triumph we must.  
If Vienna is lost;  
For his bar-wrangling manner must tend to deprave  
In the judgment of strangers the drinks of the  
brave.  
And still, by our cockles and juleps, we trust  
From the bar-wrangling manner of Mayor to save  
The fame of the drinks of the land of the brave.  
—Daily Graphic.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

A "Girl's Chit"—A parson's handle.  
He is unhappy who is never satisfied.  
Treat everybody well but not too often.  
The favorite country of the poodle—Lap-  
land.  
Maxim for parents—A switch in time  
saves nine.  
Begin with modesty if you would end  
with honor.  
An intellectual feast—the entertainment  
of an idea.  
Switzerland even's coffee is generally the  
first stirring event of the day.  
Why are handkerchiefs like guide books?  
Because they are made for two wrists.  
The young lady who has evinced such  
disposition in the hero of a certain criminal  
case is often heard to sing, "Let me  
kiss him for his murder."  
Somebody has remarked that it is singu-  
lar how much valuable time a woman will  
spend in trying to make out the post-mark  
on a letter before she delivers it to the  
owner.  
Little Gussy sprinkled her mother's new  
nuptial dollar hat. She thought it a "tawny  
flower garden." Lamentations went up in  
that neighborhood for the next half hour.

—The French colonel becomes moody; he  
has lost his heart, and knows not what to  
do. He wanders hither and thither, shuns  
his companions, and, in short, is miserable  
as a lover can well be that disappointed.  
One night, just after he had left his hotel  
on foot, a figure, muffled up to the very ears  
stopped him.  
"Well, monsieur, what would you with  
me?" asked the soldier.  
"You would know the name of the white  
domino?" was the reply.  
"I would, indeed," replied the officer  
hastily. "How can it be done?"  
"Follow me."  
"To the end of the earth, if it will bring  
me to her."  
"But you must be blindfolded."  
"Very well."  
"Step into this vehicle."  
"I am at your command."  
And away rattled the youthful soldier and  
his strange companion. "This may be a  
trick," reasoned Eugene Merville. "but I  
have no fear of personal violence. I am  
armed with this trusty sabre, and can take  
care of myself. But there was no cause for fear  
since he soon found the vehicle stop; and  
he was led, blindfolded, into the house.  
When the bandage was removed from his  
eyes, he found himself in a richly-furnish-  
boudoir, and before him stood the white  
domino just as he met her at the masked  
ball. To fall upon his knees and tell her,  
how much he thought of her since their separa-  
tion, that he had never left her left her  
that he loved her devotedly, was as natural  
as to breathe, and he did so gallantly and  
sincerely.  
"Shall I believe all you say?"  
"Lady," let me prove it by any test you  
may put upon me."  
"Know, then, that the feelings you avow  
are mutual. Nay, unless your arm  
from my waist. I have something more to  
say."  
"Talk on forever, lady! Your voice is  
music to my heart and ears."  
"Would you marry me, knowing no more  
of me than you now do?"  
"Yes, if you were to go to the very altar  
masked!" he replied.  
"Then I will test you."  
"How lady?"  
"For one year be faithful to the love  
you have professed, and I will be yours—as  
truly as heaven shall spare my life."  
"Oh, cruel suspense!"  
"You demur?"  
"Nay, lady, I shall fulfil your injunctions  
as I promised."  
"If at the expiration of a year you do not  
hear from me, then the contract shall be null  
and void. Take this half ring," she contin-  
ued, "and when I supply the broken portion  
I will be yours."  
He kissed the little emblem, swore again

## TRIED AND TRUE.

It was the Carnival season in Paris; and  
Colonel Eugene Merville, an attaché of the  
great Napoleon's staff, who had won his way  
to distinction with his own sabre, found  
himself at the masked ball in the French  
opera house. Better adapted in his tastes  
to the field than the boudoir, he flirts but  
little with the gay figures that cover the  
floor and joins but seldom in the waltz.  
But at last, while standing thoughtfully and  
regarding the assembled throng with a vac-  
ant eye, his attention was suddenly aroused  
by the appearance of a person in a white  
satin domino, the universal elegance of  
whose figure, manner, and bearing convin-  
ced all that her face and mind must be equal  
to her person in grace and loveliness.  
Though in so mixed an assembly, still there  
was a dignity and reserve in the manner of  
the white domino that rather repulsed the  
idea of a familiar address, and it was some  
time before the young soldier found courage  
to speak to her.

Some alarm being given, there was a vi-  
olent rush of the throng towards the door;  
where, unless assisted, the lady would have  
materially suffered. Eugene Merville offers  
his arm, and with his broad shoulders and  
stout frame wards off the danger. It was  
a delightful moment; the lady spoke the  
purest French, was witty, fanciful, and cap-  
tivating.

"Ah! lady, pray raise that mask, and re-  
veal to me the charms of feature that must  
accompany so sweet a voice and so graceful  
a form as you possess?"  
"You would, perhaps, be disappointed."  
"No, I am sure not."  
"Are you so very confident?"  
"Yes, I feel that you are beautiful—it  
cannot be otherwise."

"Don't be so sure of that," said the do-  
mino. Have you never heard of the Irish  
poet Moore's story of the veiled prophet of  
Khorasan—how, when he disclosed his coun-  
tenance, his hideous aspect killed his be-  
loved one. How do you know that I shall  
not turn out a veiled prophet of Khorasan?"  
"Ah, lady, your every word convinces me  
to the contrary," replied the enraptured  
soldier, whose heart had begun to feel as it  
never felt before; he was in love.

She shudders his efforts at discovery; but  
he drives off in the darkness  
he throws himself upon his fleetest horse, he  
is unable to overtake her.

The French colonel becomes moody; he  
has lost his heart, and knows not what to  
do. He wanders hither and thither, shuns  
his companions, and, in short, is miserable  
as a lover can well be that disappointed.  
One night, just after he had left his hotel  
on foot, a figure, muffled up to the very ears  
stopped him.  
"Well, monsieur, what would you with  
me?" asked the soldier.  
"You would know the name of the white  
domino?" was the reply.  
"I would, indeed," replied the officer  
hastily. "How can it be done?"  
"Follow me."  
"To the end of the earth, if it will bring  
me to her."  
"But you must be blindfolded."  
"Very well."  
"Step into this vehicle."  
"I am at your command."  
And away rattled the youthful soldier and  
his strange companion. "This may be a  
trick," reasoned Eugene Merville. "but I  
have no fear of personal violence. I am  
armed with this trusty sabre, and can take  
care of myself. But there was no cause for fear  
since he soon found the vehicle stop; and  
he was led, blindfolded, into the house.  
When the bandage was removed from his  
eyes, he found himself in a richly-furnish-  
boudoir, and before him stood the white  
domino just as he met her at the masked  
ball. To fall upon his knees and tell her,  
how much he thought of her since their separa-  
tion, that he had never left her left her  
that he loved her devotedly, was as natural  
as to breathe, and he did so gallantly and  
sincerely.

"Shall I believe all you say?"  
"Lady," let me prove it by any test you  
may put upon me."  
"Know, then, that the feelings you avow  
are mutual. Nay, unless your arm  
from my waist. I have something more to  
say."  
"Talk on forever, lady! Your voice is  
music to my heart and ears."  
"Would you marry me, knowing no more  
of me than you now do?"  
"Yes, if you were to go to the very altar  
masked!" he replied.  
"Then I will test you."  
"How lady?"  
"For one year be faithful to the love  
you have professed, and I will be yours—as  
truly as heaven shall spare my life."  
"Oh, cruel suspense!"  
"You demur?"  
"Nay, lady, I shall fulfil your injunctions  
as I promised."  
"If at the expiration of a year you do not  
hear from me, then the contract shall be null  
and void. Take this half ring," she contin-  
ued, "and when I supply the broken portion  
I will be yours."  
He kissed the little emblem, swore again

## and again to be faithful, and pressing her hand to his lips bade her adieu.

It was conducted away as mysteriously as  
he had been brought thither; nor could he  
by any possible means discover where he  
had been, his companion rejecting all bribes,  
and even refusing to answer the simplest  
questions.

Mouths roll on. Colonel Merville is true  
to his vow, and happy in the anticipation  
of love. Suddenly he was ordered on an  
embassy to Vienna, the gayest of all the  
European capitals, about the time Napoleon  
was planning to marry the Archduchess  
Maria Louisa. The young colonel is hand-  
some, manly, and already distinguished in  
arms, and became at once a great favorite  
at court, every effort being made by the  
women to captivate him—but in vain; he is  
constant and true to his vow.

But his heart is not made of stones; the  
very fact that he had entertained such ten-  
der feelings for the white domino had doubt-  
less made him more susceptible than before.

At last he met the young Baroness Caro-  
line Von Waldroff, and in spite of his vows  
she captivated him, and he secretly curses  
the engagement he had so blindly made at  
Paris. She seems to wonder at what she  
believes to be his devotion—and yet the dis-  
tance he maintains! The truth was, that his  
sense of honor was so great that, though  
he felt he loved the young baroness, and  
even she returned his affection, still he had  
given his word and it was sacred.

The satin domino is no longer the ideal  
of his heart, but assumes the most repulsive  
form in his imagination, and becomes, in  
place of his good angel, his evil genius!

Well time rolls on; he is to return in a  
few days—it is once more the carnival season  
and in Vienna, too, that gay city. He joins  
in the festivities of the masked ball, and  
wonder fills his brain, when about the mid-  
dle of the evening, the white domino steals  
before him in the same white satin dress he  
had seen her wear a year before at the  
French Opera House in Paris. Was it not a  
fancy?

"I come, Colonel Eugene Merville, to  
hold you to your promise," she said, laying  
her hand lightly upon his arm.  
"Is this a reality, or a dream?" asked the  
amazed soldier.

"It is a reality, follow me, and you shall see that  
it is a reality."

"I will."  
"Have you been faithful to your promise?"  
asked the domino, as they retired into a  
saloon.  
"Most truly in act; but alas, I fear not  
in heart."  
"Indeed?"  
"It is too true, lady, that I have seen and  
loved another though my vow to you has  
kept me from saying so to her."  
"And who is it that you love?"  
"I will be frank with you, and you will  
keep my secret?"  
"Most religiously."  
"It is the Baroness Von Waldroff," he  
said with a sigh.  
"And you really love her?"  
"Alas! only too dearly," said the soldier  
sadly.  
"Nevertheless, I must hold you to your  
promise. Here is the other half of the ring;  
can you produce its mate?"  
"Here it is," said Eugene Merville.  
"Then I, too, keep my promise!" said  
the domino, raising her mask and showing  
to his astonished view the face of the Bar-  
oness Von Waldroff!

She had seen and loved him for his manly  
spirit and character, and having found by in-  
quiry that he was worthy of her love, she  
had managed this delicate intrigue, and  
had tested him, and now gave him her  
wealth, title and everything.

They were married with great pomp, and  
accompanied the archduchess to Paris. Na-  
poleon, to crown the happiness of his fa-  
vorite, made him at once a general of divi-  
sion.—English Paper.

## In Deep, Cold Water.

We believe it is a well-established fact,  
says the Golden Hill News, that the bodies  
of persons drowned in Lake Tahoe have  
never been recovered, the clear, cold waters  
of the lake absolutely refusing to give up  
their dead. This circumstance, which at  
first thought, appears strange, is accounted  
for upon the hypothesis that the waters at the  
bottom are so icy cold as actually to arrest  
decomposition and consequent expansion of  
a dead body, one of the conditions under  
which it would be expected to return to the  
surface. Whether the victims who repose  
at the bottom of the pellucid waters of this  
far-famed lake undergo petrification, or are  
transformed into merman and mermaids, is  
a secret which will never be known until  
they come to the surface at the summons of  
Gabriel's trumpet. When the Sea Bird was  
lost in Lake Michigan in three hundred feet  
of water, two bodies out of one hundred  
lost only were rescued. When the Lady  
Elgin was lost in eighty six feet of water  
only a few miles from the first disaster,  
every body out of four hundred was finally  
rescued.

## Feminine Beauty.

Those who are accustomed to enlightened  
views of feminine beauty well know that  
there are different kinds of personal beauty,  
among which those of form and coloring  
hold a very inferior rank. There is a beauty  
of expression, for instance—of sweetness  
—of nobility—of intellectual refinement—  
of feeling—of animation—of meekness—of  
resignation—and many other kinds of beau-  
ty, which may all be allied to the plainest  
features, and yet may remain to give pleas-  
ure long after the blooming cheek has  
faded and silver-gray has mingled with the  
hair. And how far more powerful in their  
influence upon others are some of those  
kinds of beauty!—for, after all, beauty de-  
pends more upon the movement of the  
face than upon the form of the features  
when at rest; and thus a countenance ha-  
bitually under the influence of amiable feel-  
ings acquires a beauty of the highest order  
from the frequency with which such feel-  
ings are the originating causes of the move-  
ments of expressions which stamp their  
character upon it.

Who has not waited for the first opening  
of the lips of a celebrated belle, to see  
whether her claims would be supported by  
"the mind—the music breathing from her  
face?" and who has not occasionally turned  
away, repelled by the utter blank, or worse  
than blank, which the simple movement of  
the mouth in speaking or smiling has re-  
vealed? The language of poetry describes  
the loud laugh as indicative of the vulgar  
mind; and certainly there are expressions  
conveyed through the medium of a smile  
which need not Lavater to inform us that  
refinement of feeling or elevation of soul  
has little to do with the fair countenance on  
which they are impressed. On the other  
hand, there are plain women sometimes  
met in society every movement of whose  
features is instinct with intelligence, who,  
from the genuine heart-warm smiles which  
play about the mouth, the sweetly modu-  
lated voice, and the lighting up of an eye  
that looks as if it could "comprehend the  
universe," becomes perfectly beautiful to  
those who live with them and love them.

Before such pretensions as these, how soon  
does the pink and white of a merely pretty  
face vanish to nothing!

## The Shawls of Cashmere.

The only European agent for Cash-  
mere shawls in the country. He supplies  
the natives with patterns, and has shawls  
made to order; he gives them also the  
colors, some—as mauve and magenta—ready  
made. The natives would give a great deal  
to know how to make these dyes, but the  
Frenchman keeps the secret. It is almost  
impossible for a traveller to get a good  
shawl in Cashmere. "Pashmina" is a  
kind of down which grows between the  
hair of most of the wild deer and goats of  
Cashmere. What is used in the manufac-  
ture of shawls is collected from tame goats  
in Thibet, which are plucked for it at cer-  
tain times of the year. It resembles eider-  
down, and makes the softest and most beau-  
tiful cloth in the world. As this cloth is  
very expensive, and all the work of the  
shawls is done by hand, they are worth a  
great deal; and though they cost from  
eighty pounds to two hundred pounds each  
in the country, the workmen are by no  
means highly paid for their time and labor.

A shawl which costs one hundred and forty  
pounds in England would cost about eighty  
pounds in Cashmere, after the taxes which  
Maharajah levies on it had been paid.  
Very few shawls are sold in England now;  
the majority find their way to France and  
Russia. The Maharajah has a magnificent  
state tent made entirely of these shawls.—A  
Visit to Cashmere.

## FASHION NOTES.

Glimpses of autumn are seen in Marin  
hats of black and brown straw, trimmed  
with bands of plaid silk, arranged in folds  
around the crown, and a bow with fringed  
ends upon the side, to which a jet ornament  
gives emphasis.

Side sashes are more in vogue than ever  
for full dress toilets, belts being reserved for  
promenade wear. The latest are of soft,  
rich twilled silk, full half a yard wide, and  
deeply fringed upon the ends.

French novelties in shoes for country and  
seaside wear consist of Persian Bottines of  
green color, richly embroidered with white,  
made high, and buttoned with enamel but-  
tons, green and white.

Sailor hats of black straw are very much  
in vogue, trimmed with a wide scarf of  
white Donna Maria gauze, which is tied at  
the back in a large bow and long ends.

The Persian colors, white and green, are  
the latest Paris rage.

All the ladies know what *Dignored's Illus-  
trated Monthly* contains for them, and the  
September number is as full of fashion,  
stories, household hints, and other entertain-  
ing matter as any of its predecessors. The  
masculine mind only understands half its  
attractions, and can speak but vaguely of  
the other half. But what he cannot under-  
stand, his wife can unfold to him when he  
carries the magazine home.

